Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Qu. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the nights and faſt the daies,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fouler then he is,
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.
Q. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine.
Du. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words? *Exit Mar.*
Qu. Windie attturnies to your Client woes,
Aerie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioies,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart,
Helpe not at all, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Duc. If ſo, then be not toong-tide, go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſweet ſonnes ſmotherd,
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Duch. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hidſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owed that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Duch. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings, Riuers, Vaughan, Gray?*
King. A flouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed: Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſound.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,

Or

Or with the clamorous repor
Thus will I drowne your ex
Du. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thank God, my f
Du. Then patiently heare
Kin. Madam I haue a touc
Which cannot brooke the ac
Du. I will be mild and ge
Kin. And briefe good mo
Du. Art thou ſo haſtie I h
God knowes in anguiſh, pai
King. And came I not at l
Du. No by the holy roode
Thou camſt on earth, to mak
A greeuous burthen was thy
Techie and waiward was th
Thy ſchoole-daies frightful,
Thy prime of manhood, dar
Thy age confirmed, proud, ſ
What comfortable houre ca
That euer grac't me in thy c
Ki. Faith none but Hump
To breakefaſt once forth of
If it be ſo diſgratious in your
Let me march on, and not o
Du. O heare me ſpeake, f
King. Come, come, you a
Du. Either thou wilt die
Ere from this war thou turn
Or I with griefe and extrea
And neuer looke vpon thy f
Therefore take with thee m
Which in the day of battail
Then all the compleat arm
My praiers on the aduerſe p
And there the little ſoules o
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine
And promiſe them ſucceſſe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22315) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3